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Selected Poems

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Translation and Foreword
by
Liesl Ketum

Ambroise Lefurgey

Selected Poems

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HWORDE

*Ambroise Lefurgey: Selected Poems, translated
with a Foreword by Liesl Ketum*

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CONTENTS

<i>Foreword</i>	1
<i>Inscription (1947)</i>	5

I: Attitudes and Ideations

Listen Up and Open	8
Sluggish	9
Phoenix Riesling	10
She Never Even Knew	11
Funk Was Real Once	12
Exactly Professed	13
Automatic Poem	14

II: Crone Unending

I Am But a Cauldron	17
Witch Cherry	18
Twitch of Sirens	19
Of a Scowl and a Magnet	20

III: Onirisme

The Watchman	23
Extraction of Whimpers	24
Shingles Garden	25
Lips of Pursued Realm	26
Coming Back from Yonder	27

None with Eyes	28
Rain of Opposites	29
Salutation	30
All of Them	31
Withdrawal	32

IV: Qui Était Ce Corps?

Worm of Lords	34
Alcove of the Unseen	35
Abgrund: A Confluence for Mourning	36
Post-Mausoleum Waltz	37
Autonomy of the Corpse	38
Carrion, Worm!	39

V: Valencia Intravenous

Wherewithal	41
Flora and Fana	42
I Want to Pun All Over Your Body	43
Upright/Uptight	44
To Cocytus	45
Zenith	46
Wide-Eyed	47

VI: Ontic Castration

The Call	49
----------	----

Dereliction	50
*****	52
To Glance Upon the Throne of the Un-Earthen Core	53
Unknow Thyself	54
In the Last Instance	55
Sovereignty	56
Content in a River of Them	57

VII: Bile Ducked

A Fiery Pulse	59
Anguish	60
Cataphatic Exonerations of Sound and Sight	61
Apophatic Musings on an Enigmatic Fever Dream Called "Life"	62
Spider's First Meal	63
Reinscribe	64
Discover	65

VIII: Globe Trotter

The Perennial Query	67
The Note	68
neither/neither	69
Welcome	70

Foreword

Ambroise Lefurgey, founder of the literary group the Academy of Antediluvian Ontology, was born on July 23, 1911 in Saumur, France. Not much is known of his childhood, but he was said to have loved to play in the vineyards of Saumur Mousseux, often spending entire afternoons roaming the estates until chased out by the Director of Viticulture. Such was the daily occurrence, and he soon became known as the “little scamp of the vineyard” (*polisson de la vigne*). In 1929, at the ripe age of eighteen, Lefurgey moved to Paris, where his growing fascinations with philosophy and Surrealism reached a fever pitch. Penniless, he squatted in a bohemian artist center until he saved enough money to rent a small studio apartment. He quickly developed a reputation for delivering amusing metaphysical poetry on subjects ranging from the hair color shades of undines to the triangulation point of the exact center of the Oversoul. However, at the age of twenty-two, having quickly imbibed all that the surrealist movement had to offer him, he withdrew from Paris and relocated to the Pays d’Auge to dwell in the solitude of the countryside.

In 1938, Lefurgey had a change of heart and reentered the Parisian public sphere. Within months, he founded the post-surrealist literary group dubbed the Academy of Antediluvian Ontology. Their most famous public reading, “A Night of Performance Poetry to Annul the Horizontal Axis of Movement; or, Look Up, Look Down, Look Ever-Around, then Spin into the Star-Threaded Sky,” was well received by critics and finally put Lefurgey on the literary map. His

local fame was short-lived, however, as he fell into several personal torments, including opioid addiction, alcoholism, and lusting after women.

His addictions soon compelled his body and mind into vicious states of physical exhaustion and degeneration. He was also ravaged by periods of deep spiritual turmoil, which culminated with two suicide attempts. Yet, it was his penchant for philosophy and the arts that astonishingly lead him into recovery. He turned to alchemy, literature, physics, and yoga for guidance, overcame his addictions, and eventually traveled to Mysore, India, where he fell in love with an Algerian-born mathematician named Saba Doumaz. After four years living abroad, Lefurgey and Doumaz decided to move back to the Pays d'Auge region, where he continued to write poetry intermittently for several more years. Though the two never married, they lived quite happily together in Lisieux until Lefurgey's untimely death in 1953.

What more can be said about Ambroise Lefurgey? Perhaps a lot. Perhaps very little. Lefurgey was a metaphysical wayfarer, a poet-sage who lived his life on the razor's edge. A walking *coincidentia oppositorum*, he threw himself full tilt into the Moebius simultaneity of worlds both sacred and profane. Enigmatic and dreamlike, yet not without a recurrent insistence on embodiment, his surreal poems flicker as hot coals do, often flaring between themes of eternity and facticity, body and spirit, love and lovelessness. In its most savory moments, Lefurgey's poetry is reminiscent of the styles of Roger Gilbert-Lecomte and Georges Bataille, is spiced with an eccentric morsel of Ithell Colquhoun, and enjoys a dash or

two of modernist fragmentation à la Mina Loy. A real treat indeed!

Lefurgey composed the following poems roughly between the years of 1932 and 1951. It has been a pleasure to translate them from the original French, and it is my hope that this selection of Lefurgey's poetry finds a home in the hands of many new twenty-first century readers.

Liesl Ketum,
Humbert Divinity School
January 29, 2017

**Inscription to an Unpublished
Manuscript (1947)**

Readers, Elocutionists, Poets, and Philosophers:

*To wander out of oneself while walking on
glass—
And yet, to go nowhere;
always and everywhere!*

— A. Lefurgey
25 May 1947

one
ATTITUDES AND IDEATIONS

Listen Up and Open

Life is like the edge of the moon

No one has called
There is no one to swoon

Talk of me sweetly—save me again
We are those unborn who will not return

Regained in the heart of a solid storm
We are the ones without the shores

She sat alone—he says she did

There were three horses
That were run almost to death

They hopped the fence
They hopped the trash

We are the lupus in your thrash

Sluggish

Wintered slugs and
An arrangement of blue
There are three cowlicks
On the foreheads of the moon

Moon of winter—
Dot and done
Called before the rivets
Of the shining sun

There upon the ripened throne
The vined rocks of stupor
Look down upon us
And moan—

Flow chart for the waves of light
You get none if you've had no fright
Fight the light and all will be
In the darkness the blind will see

Phoenix Riesling

Shoved in the tooth of
debasement
perennial voids and
hospice laughter
entered the dream boat
codlike and enamored.

Ten streaming moon rays
glisten—
at the edge of a road
teapots spinning like the
corners of parties
tablature, statues,
Phoenix Rising, well kind of.

Ambient and stupefied
ten ton rays of
periwinkle stream into
my eyes and I watch a
little reindeer girl jump
into the moon.
Fantastic, shoulder-
length dresses and
easels snapped up by
robber barons.

Returning a jacket that
three loose women
asked me to hold for a
Pogo player.
I never knew the sound
of your voice until I
heard you whisper that
terrible song to your mother
when you had strep.

She Never Even Knew

Timely dirges for
dreadlocked sages,
un-inventing a road
not yet traveled

She was perhaps the
saddest drop of a person
I had ever known, and
she reminded me always

of the constant pain of
staying the way one is.

This doesn't feel right

I think she would
do well to buy a
pretty phosphorescent
hat

but—

Who am I to say?

Funk Was Real Once

Like a meat star
Through a moon that was
Reconceiving its place in the
Universe

And like a winged and incandescent monk
Wavering and sitting on a bench of stench
Territorial mitigating scum senses
And three whimpering pricks

The sorrows of the fully-mooned
Come and take away all of
Their revelries

As if they knew what they even
Needed
As if they knew what they thought
Was real

Who are all these people telling
All the other people about
Every other thing on their
New little notebook of

“ideas” and “lists” and “names”

Exactingly Professed

Temporary lovers
Temporary time
Unnecessary constraints
Unnecessary rhyme

If I loved you in the morning
If I loved you in the eve
These were the truths I knew
I could not believe

But—

You were my evening
You were my day
You were the laughing stock
Of merriment in May

All I ever wanted
All I ever knew
Was that one day
We'd be through

Transmigration
Of the souls
You and I—or so
We were told

You and I again
In the next life
You and I again
Without all the strife

You and I again
New bodies
You and I again
Nobodies

Automatic Poem

Little girl at the tigers store
She knew all their names
Into the house of a tiddlywink
Went the end of days

The scent of a woman gives the
rational man the means to his nose
Whereas the scent of a minion
sends thousands home

Cryptic scripture of the loan shark triumphant
Cacophony of voices at the land's end consultant
Tuberculosis of the hidden sphere
Entering a thousand whimsical toads' hearts
Each carrying with them the birth of a whirling
world
Dawn of ages
The creep
The don
The fairytale
The catatonic
Mercenary
Troubadour trouble-maker
Cataract killer
Contract caller
Donatello
Wish upon a star
Driving down the road
Against slaughter
After the drifter
Ad for a femur
Fugue of ritual hearts
Temptation of the mealworm
A feast of champion tigers
Monuments of the delirious houseguests
Gale force winds

Of time monumental
In a scourging moon's whisper
Jelly beans of a hearth bread's taste
The ontic memorabilia
Of an ontological disambiguation
My heart is the farthest thing away from your
mouth
And there are wishes
Walking down the corridor
Of your heart as well
But in time
Out of a mold
Harper's Bazaar will pull your rendition down
Into the bowels of the earth
An earth at the end of time
The end of our time together
Switch the nonmember
The nomenclature of a tadpole wishing
To go under
And stay with the minx
The grateful Great Old One
In an aeon's mist
Follow the question into the answer's negation
And you will be heard anew

two
CRONE UNENDING

I Am But a Cauldron

In the wake of my existence
At the foot of your bed
There were two doubled strangers
Hovered, and who have bled—

They have shed the tears of sirens
They have drank the witches' brew
For I am but a cauldron
I am but You

Witch Cherry

The saddest witch is she who,
in all of her fervor,
has lost the will to stifle
the whims of others.

She is also the happiest witch.

Twitch of Sirens

Abyssal petechiae
The red around your eyes
Strikes me at half
Past shadow

Enter me now
Bring about the floods of Hermes
Via waves of iridescent water
Undo this self at the instant of everywhere

Come to me
Show me your reveries
Your kindness, your
Heart

(I am yours
I have always
Been
Yours)

Sea goat of the seventh layer
Twitch of sirens
Harness your strength
Bring me under

(I am yours
In the depths
You have made me
Immortal)

Called into the Void
We met upon the third aeon
And have found each other
Again

Of a Scowl and a Magnet

Two, too
beautiful
to care
about the
 SWALLOWING UP
of the World
by Space

Enchanted—
the mercurial tremor
the touch of
your lips

(Ever so gently
rolls a drop
of moisture from
your lips)

Enigmatic—
clouds of dust
hover over
your wounds

(Ever-ready
palaces of drones
sit, awaiting
your words)

Hopeless romantic of the hapless circle
Voidic creature of the fifth heaven
Conscious being in the cryptozoic fountain
Tidy miscreant of large, eroded layers

Speak of me Talk of me
me Circle
Awaken me

three
ONIRISME

The Watchman

Mysterious
Mercurial,

\The heart of the matter.\

To you, he walked away again.
To me, he walked my way.
To you, he walked away again.
To me, he walked my way.

Mysterious
Pernicious.

Under your burnt hallow,

\He stares right at you.\

Fire!
It's just another day to remember.

Extraction of Whimpers

I feel the strength of a thousand Titans
Corroding beneath the mountain
Of your dysmorphia

The silence that drives the madness
Isn't silence at all
But the quizzical salutation
Of a looming persona

\\Wide-eyed
\\Un-caged
\\Let loose
\\Groundless

A mountaineer
Of bones and brush

Shingles Garden

Sufferer of Mouthing
you came and you went
and I know all the things
that I had were well spent

but the Christmas in you is the Easter in me
we're just celebrations the Christians have seen

the days are on high\\\n
and the days are on end
and I want to be with you
as a dog in a pen

and I call out thy name
and I see not the light
and so I ask again
why all of this fright?

to be with you in time
to be with you in year
to see that all that I am is in fear

the fear of a pigeon
the fear of an eye
the fear of an unrepressed lie

I call to Thee
set me free!
hold me up
to the fire in me

for if you do not,
and if I ask again
I will be forgotten
and this grip will lose stead

Lips of Pursued Realm

If you ever knew
Who I was
If you ever knew
What I am
If you ever thought
 about the
 thought of
 a whistling Dixie

Then you
Have won

The campfire reigns over the weather
For just but a spark is all the fire rejoins
To the earth, you spitted freckle
You unearthed gem

Crawling about, waving your arms,
I give you to him at high noon
The cross upon your heart
Is the one for the groom

The speck of an ingrate
The blink of an eye
You walked away from the campground
And your death followed you nigh

Coming Back from Yonder

\\Without a glorious kiss
\\He'd be remiss
\\Along the heralded shores

\\For in that day
\\They went away
\\To make and unmake their mores

\\When they returned
\\They found him there
\\Alone and unafraid

\\He cleared the air
\\Snapped the snare
\\And drummed them all away

None with Eyes

In the end, at the end of the days,
All of the pirates stormed the stage—

They could not ascend the mountain
Erected from a de-created hill

A hill that will break one,
Is a hill that is wet—

A hill that break the wills
of the weaklings
you have met.

At that juncture, \\\生\\生\\
and at that bend,

All of the pirates whispered,
“We are but men.”

They were given to squander,
Given of nil,
Given a small red pill—

a pill for the masses,
a pill for the wise,

Accelerating towards extinction
Where there are none with eyes.

Rain of Opposites

Yes—but what are you going
to do after your body dies?

I am in there right now.

Why do you ask such questions?

You are where?

I am in the place after my body has died.

You are standing right here.

Perhaps you are mistaken.

Perhaps it is you who

has not understood his own death.

I just got here.

I took the bus in—

I paid money to use the bus, just tied my shoe—

Perhaps you are mistaken.

Perhaps you are not here.

I do not understand.

I asked you a simple question.

Now you tell me I am dead?

You are in the space of death—

attaining to the realm of the unborn.

No one shivers here.

We are the pre-dialectical.

Hah! Never to have been born!

What a riot you are!

Do you see that void over there?

The one right over there?

No.

That is us.\\\\\\

Salutation

Hello, hello, there are three people
Staring at me through the eyes of the Seventh Son
Take them away, or let them stay,
They will forever be my negative maternity nurse,
Relinquishing my very birth.\\

Unpractical, factual—
There are four flowers
Falling into a pit of dead flowers,
Falling into a pit of themselves,
Like we do each day while taking breaths.

Hello, hello, there were four cakes
Sitting on the table of my past and present
Eat them all, eat them all,
And this gastrointestinal tract will unveil secrets,
Revealing the hidden moons of non-being.\\

Good night, good night!
I've entered the halls of my own fright,
This face I have, this ghost I house,
Within the vascular degeneration of a living
corpse,
Leaving the hollow cell of Life.\\

All of Them

\All those little piggies at the foot of the bed
\\All those little piggies do
\\\Is play with the dead

\All those little rangers at the end of the moon
\\All those little rangers are all
\\\Alone

\All those little barbers in the hall of the shop
\\All those little barbers chop
\\\Chop chop

Withdrawal

Freakish, frigid, fried and tied,
He sat atop his grave.
Alone he saw that only he
Was able to say his name.

It was just then a little mouse
Hopped up and told him there:
“There is only you and this abyss
And that is all is there.

Your body tricked you to think
It occupied a space in time.
Your body corrupts every time
You think a thought inside your head.”

\\\\\\

four
QUI ÉTAIT CE CORPS?

Worm of Lords

Worm ouroboros of holy plains,
I've filled a tomb with my own remains.
A self once had is had now not,
for all I do is rot, rot, rot.

I have not lived to tell this tale,
But my bones now speak for me!
For only through these two white holes
does a dead man see.

Two white holes, empty within,
O, these eyes resplendent spin.
Spin through what was once my brain
and out my skull, once full of gall.

Benedictine waters flow
through the spaces
between by bones.

\A worm has shaken me loose!

Alcove of the Unseen

Charred bones, boiling water,
heated from the resplendent fires
of my auto-incineration.

Five fingers once housed some flesh,
to pick up straws and wire and mesh.

\\But through that mesh has been
pushed flesh—

What a treat these balls of meat,
and of myself I now must eat!

Abgrund: A Confluence for Mourning

\\\\\\\\\\Unsettled
going down
to meet oneself
at oneself

a required dearth
going down, down
to the place
it usurps itself

a fathomed lethargy
sulking in the abyss
untimely, gazed at, gazed through
eye am I

here, the no-where:
the catapult of earth toward lichen
the draw of earth to tears

to liken me
is to lichen me

to inch me towards worm
to become undone

it gnaws on the soul
and divulges
the secret name

the one called
MØØN RAM
Ouroborous of the Unsettled,
Curator of Abgrund

Post-Mausoleum Waltz

awake
this iron lung
a mode
not a vessel

beyond the grey hue
the darkness of blankness
the demiurge to Oneness
the true lofted light of Self

a cell?—nay
an abattoir of homogeny!
unopposed and everywhere
oh, to know you completely

rabbits run
toward my misgivings
in a way
that warps the forest

circle of wanderers
deserts traversed
aware and alone
undying death

Sphinx, the third of nine,
you complete me
that which is sought
is the precept

open me up
walk in the vastness
commemorate
the ground\\\\\\\\\\\\\\

Autonomy of the Corpse

Decrepit in the ageless mud
The flesh was wise
To cut its ties
With the veins

And in worm's caress
It harnesses
True transgression

To my prior self who whispered,
 I hold you so deeply in my heart
 I hold you so closely in my mind
 I hold you so dearly in my soul

I reply,
 Where are you now, my-self?
 Why even this flesh which held us at
bay?
 Why this time that disrupts me?
 Why these longings?

The desire to:

Open up the casket
Open up your mind
Open up the lovesickness

Blood of my corpse is black.
The veins of prey are open now

Walk—

Carrion, Worm!

If you walk towards the cemetery of self,
if you, through your inner labors,
have made your way there,
are standing and find a worm,
then you are in the death of your false-keeping.

The carrion is you.
\\Worm is NOW.\\

Worm, inner might.
Feasting on falsity,
feeding, digestion, eternal.

The carrion of being is the mode of your
elucidation.
It will walk you to the fairest of fairgrounds,
proclaiming, "It is you, dear one.
It is you who enabled me to live as worm,
just as I helped you to live your lives before
now."

Worm, ouroboros.
\\Worm is NOW.\\

Worm, un-knower, re-inscriber.
\\Worm is NOW.\\

You, who was once (and is now not).
\\Worm is NOW.\\

Carrion, worm!
\\Worm is NOW.\\

five
VALENCIA INTRAVENOUS

Wherewithal

the wounded narcissism
of a young brave
is worth the nobility
of the seven families

Flora and Fana

I ate me
Gnawed my bones in a tree
And loomed among the heirs

I Want to Pun All Over Your Body

He's
got carpal tunnel

She's
got attitude
and
hooks for hands

Upright/Uptight

When he finally pulled his head from his ass
he saw Typhon,
staring right at him.
What have you done with your heads?
he asked.
Look hard
and you will find them.

To Cocytus

if there was a tenth level,
it would be in
 your eyes
right after you told me
that

Zenith

Have you ever thought
That that leviathan's biorhythm
Was off
He sleeps
\\\\\\\\All
\\\\\\\\The
Time.
Enshrined by grace
He'll
 Awake
No time to spare tonight

Wide-Eyed

None
The placid cock of wolf
\\One
The vacant tomb of mind
All

Maddening viscosity
Pink univocity
Leather profundity

These arms
Wave gently
Into the sky
Of sex

six
ONTIC CASTRATION

The Call

The flowers betrothed to the Moon\\
Raw, beautiful flowers—
Enshrining of the soul
The overturning of loneliness
Floundering, joshing,
Laughing with the light

Abandon life\\
Walk among us
Through fields of All
Where God is

Atop the Sovereign Mountain\\
Rests your head
Is Love
Is you

Dereliction

Vericose, the veins of May
Ashes tide where you once stayed

(My heart, my heart
It wept for Thee
You've taken away all that I see)

When the kindred Spirit dies
Automatic goosebumps arise

Bless me not,
I knew what was in store.
But you cannot blame me,
When I feel impure

As you sit there,
All I know;
I feel this way

Vanquished One
Where did you go?

My body weeps

These tears of death
They shiver me

There is no truth—

But,
A d a m a n t i n e h e a r t

\\Into the river
Out with my heart\\

My stomach curdles with non-delight
The Mind weeps with a curious fright
A corpus of angels once stored within
The body Now-smothers what could have been

Take me now
 While you are strong
Take me while my head is wrong
Take me when the shivers come

Abolish my body
Take it all

No remorse
For the blood in here

No repent
For the serpents near

All I ask: that I am no more

My body has destroyed
What the One set in store

Can you
tell me why
there are fourteen lovers in the witch's eye?

Can you
show me why
there are fourteen witches in the lovers' eyes?

Should he
against the lie
caress the cock of the leaven of light?

Show me
Shi ver ing.

***To Glance Upon the Throne of the Un-
earthen Core***

No longer diurnal
But through spans of time
It is
Gazed upon

Atop the mountain it unfolds
Out of void it casts it molds

He stood amongst Those of Olde
With-standing grotesque temptations
Grandstanding fever dreams of might from May
Up-standing the earthen core

It whispered\
From Nothing, but It was there.
The Destroyer of Worlds;
Abyssic au pair

In-can(')tations
Prostra(y)tions
Rei(g)ncarnations
Of perennality have amassed

Unknow Thyself

To begin with the din, from the depths within:
The Gestalt blown *down*, arrival of
The Stranger;
Unheimlich to cosmos?!
We are the cosmos!

Transmutation—

\\

Not parts, nor whole,
Not inner, nor outer.
Bliss, Bewilderment!
Away with Me!

—God Blessed

In the Last Instance

Truly,
William sayeth unto you:

Behold the inversely inviolate
and horrifying honor with which,
when all begins
with unceasing spins of turgid verse
to break thy will,
the One bespeaks: I AM

Sovereignty

How far is the ocean?
It catches you

How far do you walk?
I walk there, too

When you abandoned yourself
I saw you through

I once sought oblivion through intoxication
I am now intoxicated by oblivion

Content in a River of Them

\\\\\\

The bestial mongrels they will come—
eyes of hordes, wondering,
Who or What is that thing,
that human with a tiger's sting?

Leaping in the air on high,
shedding onlookers' gazes nigh,
they see before them a curious sight—
a loving man with hands of might!

Feminine, he is betrothed the Moon,
a dual registry of waves and water.
Masculine, he is born of the Sun,
a fire from cosmic spins eternal.

Moon and Sun and Three in One,
The kiss of inner peace has won!

The joy of contentment—
Thine eyes weep streams of love
to divert the river of them
into the ocean.

\\\\\\

seven
BILE DUCKED

A Fiery Pulse

\\\\\\\\\\fever dreams
cannot contain
the muck raked
tapestry
that is the brain

vexed—
by an impish
desire
to quake

Anguish

excommunicated whores in serpentine valleys

\\\\\\\\\\

striking chords

filling voids

fucking

taking you

on tours of

pure consideration

\\\\\\\\\\

Cataphatic Exonerations of Sight and Sound

\\\ There was something weird about it—
like a freckle on a beauty who has no shame.

***Apophatic Musings on an Enigmatic
Fever Dream Called “Life”***

When light loves like nothing less
than a shimmering darkness,
the channel to the gate of Eden
\\\\\\\\\\\\ shallows its waters

Spider's First Meal

today, I say to you,
 it's me
 and Palaver
 and Malarkey—
wrapped in primordial sheaths

of happenstance and radiance
converging in nihil

shrunk into
their immense dimen(t)ion,
 staring
 face to face
with the spiders of my life

Reinscribe

Candles lit\\\n
for the soul's invigoration

Reinvigorate\\\n
the MOON
the FLESH
the VOICE
the WOUND
HER BREASTS

Re-inscribe\\\n
my DESIRES
my COCK
my VISION
my PATH

Hell to pay\\\n
To pay no hell
is to squander the soul
in Necropolis
in your heart

Queen of disarmament\\\n
Say thy NAME

Bring me out\\\n
of myself
into
a formless form
into
the wind

Discover

\\\\\\There was no love there.
\\\\\\There was Hunky Dory, who,
\\\\\\Staring down at his plate
\\\\\\Saw the auto-manipulation of will.

\\\\\\He had broken free
\\\\\\From a severe form of numbskullism
\\\\\\Only to have his voice atrophy
\\\\\\To be re-enveloped by flesh, his
\\\\\\One true enemy.

\\\\\\Enemy of flesh
\\\\\\Solemnity of face
\\\\\\Love is all you need
\\\\\\When you leave this place.

\\Water is too kind—
\\Blackened is the mind—
\\Severed is the head,
\\That knows its foolish deeds.

\\I will scream you out of me,
\\Hunky Dory.
\\I will live to tell this tale.

I will scream you out of me,
Expel thee.
I have died to tell this tale.

eight
GLOBE TROTTER

The Perennial Query

Treading among the trees one fine day,
a young man stopped to sit for a while.

Perching on a sturdy stone, he looked up and
found that a day from his past had appeared.

He was perched on the stone,
but he was also in another place completely,
in another time completely.

He walked up to the scene from his past
and realized that it was not the past at all.
Both realities were taking place at once.

“Where should I go from here?”
he asked himself, kicking stones.

“I suppose just about anywhere you’d like.”

The Note

Moving nowhere,
a note nailed to a large,
old oak tree.

Amid a patch of roses,
a hammer and nail
lie on a rock.

The old oak tree's leaves whistled.

neither/neither

seven curious seraphs hovered—

playing their lutes
as if he were
the would-be groom
of Saint Cecelia

he sat, awestruck
inward, alone,
unaware of not-
not-being-himself

he was convinced
that he was there
for no other reason
than to be there not

Welcome

ecstatic tears—

OF JUBILATION

stream upward and outward
from bloodshot eyes

gnOme is a secret press specializing in the publication of anonymous, pseudepigraphical, and apocryphal works from the past, present, and future.

“Canta, e ceifa, e a sua voz, cheia / De alegre e anônima viuvez” (Fernando Pessoa).

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HWORDE

Nab Saheb and Denys X. Arbaris • *Bergmetal:*

Oro-Emblems of the Musical Beyond

N • *Hemisphere Eleven*

Yuu Seki • *Serial Kitsch*

Lefurgey was a metaphysical wayfarer, a poet-sage who lived his life on the razor's edge. A walking coincidentia oppositorum, he threw himself full tilt into the Moebius simultaneity of worlds both sacred and profane. Enigmatic and dreamlike, yet not without a recurrent insistence on embodiment, his surreal poems flicker as hot coals do, often flaring between themes of eternity and facticity, body and spirit, love and lovelessness.

"Lefurgey's poetry—a light / so bright it blinds my eyes / Alive! / Alive! / Alive! / (I've died!)" — **Daniah Chilcott**, director of *Le Trident Barattage* (from a 1938 critical-creative review first published in VERBANA, the famed Surrealist art journal)

"The translation of a poem by February Eglomise had been floating around the island of Montréal during my undergraduate years in that city; it was entitled 'A Lifebuoy's Merger' and had to do with the alchemical process—indeed, it was said to have divulged the great secret of tinctures, and by dint of this many believed the poet to have been a student of Jean-Julien Champagne, a.k.a. Fulcanelli. The original from which 'A Lifebuoy's Merger' had been translated was a document no one could find. It is fitting, then, that a student in anglophone Toronto—at the so-called 'Divinity School' (a.k.a. School of 'Divining-Rods' qua 'Plumbing-Techniques') of Toronto's Humber College—plumbed the depths of this mystery and discovered that both the name of the poet (February Eglomise) and the name of the poem ('A Lifebuoy's Merger') were anagrams of Ambroise LeFurgey (and of course, vice versa). Mike Tuller, Humber College's top-notch student of plumbing-techniques, anagrammatized his name and then published his findings under this «nom-de-plumb»—a publication that took the form of the present pseudonymous translation (plus prefatory introduction) of an unanagrammatized French poem. In order to disguise his institutional affiliation, he simply added an asterisk-dagger to Humber, creating in so doing Humber† College and its 'Divinity School' student Liesl Ketum. Lest it be said that I here break pseudonymies, it should be added that Mike Tuller a.k.a. Liesl Ketum might in fact—in reality—be Ellie Muskt (yet another anagram), and that the latter and all of the former might be the daughter (and/or son) of a certain Maye and Errol, to whose surname another asterisk-dagger was added. The mysteries and mysterious/pseudonymous interconnections go on and on and on. In this space—in the space of these plural/plurifold pseudonymies—let me simply suggest, in fine gnOme_Books fashion, that the translator and translated can be signed (either one) as Space-X." — **Dan Mellamphy**

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